

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL, SE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 21. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

June 21, 1903.



SABBATH, O. T.—SUNDAY, N. T.

Some men have a Sunday soul, which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning.
ROBERT HALL.

For Every Other Sunday.

ROSE TIME.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

TO-DAY, where'er the roses nod,
The gardens waft our thoughts to God.
To-day, where'er the roses fare,
The Lord, their gardener, is there;
And whoso passeth by may see,
In all the sweet rose company,
Signs of His presence that hath made
That flower to blossom unafraid,
Whether beside a garden wall
Or near some pasture waterfall.
Glad are the roses that fulfil
The kindness of our Father's will:
Sweet is the rose whose fragrant nod
To-day shall lead the thought to God.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD VICTOR.

BY H. H. H.

I HAVE heard my mother tell this little story so many times that I am sure that I can tell it in her exact words. I will tell it quite as if my mother were talking to you.

When I was a little girl of about ten years, my father moved from Ohio farther west to the State of Iowa, which was then but a territory. We went all the way from Ohio to Iowa in a covered wagon. All of our belongings, with the exception of the stock, were in the wagons. We had two cows and a pair of ponies that my older brothers drove along behind the wagon. Then we had a large coop made of stout slats fastened to the rear end of the wagon. In this coop we had six hens and a noisy rooster that used to annoy us by crowing from about three o'clock in the morning until after daylight. As we slept in the wagon on stormy nights, and the wagon was close at hand when we slept in our little tent on the ground, it was very inconsiderate of Mr. Chanticleer to be so noisy when we wanted to sleep.

The coop had a partition in the middle, and in one half we had a big gray goose and a snowy-white old gander. Every one used feathers for beds in those days, and we were taking the goose and gander with us that we might raise a flock of geese to supply us with feathers for beds in our new home.

The old white gander was the biggest bird of his kind I ever saw. He had taken three premiums at county fairs back in our Ohio home, and this may have had something to do with making him the arrogant and overbearing bird that he was. Nor did he stop at being

The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.

EMERSON.

He that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian.

SIR EDMUND TURNER.

arrogant and overbearing; for he was quarrelsome, and he never seemed quite so happy as when he was engaged in warfare with something or somebody. He was perfectly fearless, and would attack anything. He had "sailed in," as my brother Ben said, and killed two chicken hawks that had swooped down on the goslings back in Ohio. He had been known to assail evil-looking dogs, and send them howling from our premises. Father had seen him kill a rattlesnake, and he kept our poultry yard free from poultry-destroying invaders. He could do terrible battle with his beak, wings, and feet. He had been so triumphant in warfare of all kinds that my brothers had named him Victor. He had been almost as good as a watch-dog in our Ohio home.

Father located a homestead in the western part of Iowa, which was then a wild and thinly settled country. Our nearest neighbors were nearly three miles from our home. We had a log house of one large room and a loft overhead. There was a little makeshift of a slab kitchen for use in the summer time.

I shall never forget how frightened I was when I saw the first band of Indians in our new home. They were a lazy, mean-spirited lot, and we had nothing to fear from them, excepting when they had been drinking too freely of "fire-water"; and they drank all of this harmful beverage that they could get hold of. They were very dishonest, and would steal anything that they could lay their hands on. They annoyed us a great deal by their constant begging; and they would hang around our house when we were at our meals, and come to the door and windows begging.

Although father had told his children again and again that we need not be at all afraid of these Indians, I could never see any of them coming toward the house without wanting to run and hide; and I would implore my mother to bar the door and the two windows of our home if father and my older brothers were away from the house. They never came in large numbers, and sometimes we would not see a dozen of them in a month.

One day my mother and my little brother Fred and I were alone in the house, when father came home and said to my mother:—

"A man has just come along, and brought me word that the Riddleys have lost one of their children. Their little boy, six years old, died yesterday, and is to be buried this afternoon. I will hitch up, and we must go right over to them. They must feel the need of the presence and sympathy of their friends at such a time when they are in such trouble."

The Riddleys were an Ohio family living six miles from our house. They had been to call on us, and my parents had paid them a visit and were much pleased with them.

"We must go right over there," said my warm-hearted mother. "I am so sorry we did not know about it before, so that we could have offered them our sympathy and our services sooner."

When they were ready to depart, father said to Freddy and me:—

"Now you children stay right around the house. Your brothers are down on the river bottom at work; but they will be at home by six o'clock, and you can tell them where we are. It will probably be after dark when we get home, as I want to come around by the Hadleys and get some fall wheat to sow; and I know that the Hadleys will make us stay to supper with them."

I was naturally a timid child, and I felt nervous and uneasy when I was left alone even

in the daytime. I felt like crying when I saw father and mother drive away; and I would have taken Freddy and gone to where my older brothers were, had they not been so far away.

My parents had been gone about an hour. Freddy and I were playing in a sand pile near the house when I heard a wild yell, and on looking around I saw a big Indian on a lean pony galloping toward the house. No words can tell how frightened I was. I was sure, from the way the Indian had yelled and from the reckless way in which he was riding, that he had been drinking "fire-water"; and I began to imagine all the dreadful things he would do when he found that there was no one in the house but Freddy and myself. I grasped Freddy's hand and ran into the house, closing and barring the door behind me. The two windows were raised, and I pulled them down and fastened them. Then I climbed up into the loft with Freddy; and we hid there, crying.

I could see between the cracks in the logs, and I saw the Indian dismount and tie his pony to a tree a short distance from the house. Then he came on, swinging his arms and yelling. I watched him with strained vision and wildly-beating heart. Suddenly I heard a loud harsh squawk, and out from under a little log stable, near the house, came old Victor; and he, too, was on the warpath. With his great wings spread and his long neck stretched out, he came on, hissing furiously. His mate had that day hatched out eight little goslings, and Victor may have thought them to have been in danger. On he came, hissing and flapping his wings.

The Indian wore moccasins, but no leggings; and Victor, attacking the invader from the rear, bit furiously at the Indian's bare legs before that swarthy individual fully realized that he must contend with a feathered foe. When he did realize it, it was with a howl of pain. He turned and grabbed at Victor, only to receive a fearful blow from one of the gander's great wings. I saw the Indian grab the arm Victor had struck, and heard him roar with pain. He roared again when Victor struck and bit him again on the legs. Then he fled, limping and howling, with Victor in mad pursuit. It was with difficulty that the Indian could mount his pony; but, once astride it, he rode away like the wind, and Victor, giving a shrill squawk of triumph, waddled back to his downy yellow goslings, in whose defence he had fought and won.

Not until my brothers had come home two hours later would I unbar the door. Then I went out and stroked Victor's snowy, shining back, and said some very foolish things to him.

Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all civil, political, and religious rights.

JUNIUS.

FACTS ABOUT VENTILATION.

IT has been calculated that, in a fair-sized room, hermetically sealed, a man might exist for one hour," says Dr. Alfred Schofield in the *Leisure Hour*. "If he had a candle, this would be reduced to three-quarters of an hour; if a lamp, to half an hour; while, if he had two good gas burners, and wanted to be really cheerful, he would live just five minutes." Dr. Schofield relates these facts to show that ventilation should always be increased when lights are burning.

GREAT AND SMALL.

The pine and oak are only flowers
Grown large: they drink the beads of dew
Like little violets, meek and blue,
And battle with the stony powers.

The insect, with its gauzy wings,
Sings, and the moth and beetle grim;
And, for the bee, I dote on him,
And know by heart the tune he sings.

They learn the truth, the base of all,
That all are equal, so they fill
Their proper sphere, and do God's will:
There is no other, great or small.

R. H. STODDARD.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SUMMER AT RED GATE FARM.

BY SARAH M. BAILEY.

ONE warm day two little boys took a long ride in the steam cars. Papa and mamma and nurse went with them.

They rode all day and all night. They had a little room all to themselves, and slept in the cars.

The boys got tired, for they were small.

Papa showed them pictures, mamma read or told them stories, and nurse gave them milk from a glass jar and sang pretty French songs to them. The oldest boy could talk very plain, but he always said, "der want" for "do you want."

They were all going to see grandpa and grandma, up in the country, where the grass is green, the flowers grow, there are apples on the trees, and everybody is happy.

When they stopped at Concord, N.H., they all got off the cars.

Grandpa's horse Phyllis was waiting for them with the two-seated wagon; and Mr. Winmill, the gardener, drove them away to the country, to Red Gate Farm, where grandpa lived.

Can you guess the name of these two little boys?

It was Fred and Carter Bailey. They live in Edgewater, near Chicago.

THE FIRST DAY AT GRANDPA'S.

When Fred had eaten his breakfast, he wanted to see all the pretty things about the farm-house.

Nurse took the boys to see the chickens in their wire houses behind the barn. They said "peep, peep, peep," when they talked with the mother hen, and she said "cluck, cluck," to them.

The big turkey walked around the wire house, and kept saying "quit, quit." He was a big fellow, but Fred was not afraid of him; and, when he said "gobble, gobble, gobble," Fred laughed, and clapped his hands.

There were two white pigs in one pen, and a black pig in the other pen.

They called the black pig "White Stocking" because it had four white feet and legs.

Phyllis was in her stall, but the gate behind her was shut, so that small boys would not get hurt.

Fred clapped his hands when the cows came home from pasture.

Their names were Dame Trot and Bess.

Grandpa had two nice large cats.

Poddles was afraid and ran away, but Thomas Jefferson would let the children carry him about in their arms.

Fred was to sleep in a little room they called

the "Snuggery" with a wee bit of a bed,—just right for a boy almost four years old.

There were pretty pictures hung on the wall, and some little camp-chairs and crickets. On a table in the corner was a red satin bag and a white china cat.

Every night after nurse had undressed Fred, he put the cat to bed in the red satin bag, and said, "Good-night." In the morning he took it up, after nurse had dressed him, saying, "Good-morning, cat, pretty cat."

FRED'S BIRTHDAY.

One morning I woke up early, and nurse said it was my birthday,—I was four years old. I opened the red satin bag, and said to the white china cat, "Der want to get up?" Then nurse took me down to breakfast. After I had eaten my toast and drank some warm milk, mamma gave me my birthday presents.

One box had some chairs, tables, and a little sofa made of sticks. When I opened the other box, out fell a big doll with white hair and a red jacket. It had pretty tin plates in its hands which it clapped together and made a loud noise. Grandma made me a birthday cake, frosted and trimmed with flowers. It had four candles, because I was four years old, you know.

I gave every one a bunch of flowers to wear on their dress. Grandpa liked his so much that he pinned it up in the shop, and it is there now.

After dinner we all went up to Charlie's. I carried him a basket of fruit and a piece of my cake; for it was Charlie's birthday, too. When it was dark, Rob sent some pretty red balloons into the sky. I watched them go 'way over the houses where Charlie, Marion, and Elsie live, until they were little bright spots in the sky.

Nurse said I was tired, and must go to bed. I wish it was birthdays all the time.

(To be continued.)

PERHAPS.

THEY might not need me,
Yet they might;
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.

A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

EMILY DICKINSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHY LULU STAYED AWAY.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

"MA, my birthday will be here in two weeks,—the fourth of May."

"Why, I believe it will, Bessie," Mrs. Dunbar replied. "How time flies! You will soon be a big girl, my dear."

"I should like to have a birthday party, ma, if you've no objection. I'd like to invite about two dozen of my friends."

"Well, we'll see about it, dear. When papa comes home this evening, we'll talk it over. I don't think he will object."

It was agreed at the interview around the supper table in the evening that Bessie should have a birthday party; and, of course, she was in a gleeful mood. The next morning she sat at her dainty secretary, writing her invitations on the vellum note-paper which her father had bought for her at the store across the way. In going over the list of her friends, she soon

came to the name of Lulu Spangler, saying to herself as she wrote the invitation:

"Yes, of course, I'll invite Lulu. She's almost, maybe quite, my dearest friend; and no party of mine would be complete without her."

When all the invitations were written and carefully enclosed in the prettily tinted envelopes and addressed, Bessie called her brother Ralph, and gave him his instructions.

"Ralph," she said, "I wish you would deliver all these letters at the addresses on the envelopes. If you will do that for me this forenoon, I'll—well, I'll return the favor some day. I'd rather have you deliver them than send them by mail. It will save postage; and, besides, my friends will get their invitations so much sooner."

"All right, little sister: I'm your obedient servant," Ralph cried, in his hearty way; for nothing he could do for his pretty sister was ever looked upon by him as too much of a task.

So Ralph took the letters, and by noon he had completed the circuit of Bessie's invited guests. Then the preparations for the party went on apace; and, by the time the evening came, Bessie's parents and brother were almost as much excited over it as the girl was herself. A rollicksome company of boys and girls attended the party, brought some pretty gifts for the young hostess, and all declared, on taking leave, that they had had a "good time."

Bessie also enjoyed the party. Still, there was one fly in her amber: she could not understand why her most intimate friend, Lulu Spangler, was not present, nor why, if compelled to be absent, she had sent no excuse. Of all the girls of her acquaintance, Bessie had most desired to have Lulu at her birthday gathering. Not even to send an apology,—surely, that was a serious slight, and looked almost as if Lulu had purposely ignored her friend. Bessie felt deeply wounded.

She brooded over her friend's conduct the next day, and really looked for a note of apology; but none came. The next morning she went to her Sunday School, as was her custom. When she entered the Sunday-School room, the first person she saw was Lulu Spangler, standing in the aisle. Bessie went toward her, meaning to greet her as at other times; but what was her surprise when Lulu turned abruptly away, and refused to recognize her former friend!

"That was a plain snub," Bessie reflected, her fair face flushing with anger and astonishment. "That explains why she stayed away from my party on Friday evening. She's cross about something, and takes that way to show me what she thinks of me. But it's strange! What in the world could have happened to make her angry? I can't think for the life of me what I've done to offend her."

During the Sunday-School hour and the service that followed, Lulu plainly avoided Bessie, giving her no chance to address her.

Bessie was not naturally a spiteful girl, and so the next day at school she made a special effort to speak to Lulu, who turned upon her a pair of blazing black eyes, and snapped:

"I don't care to speak to you, Bessie Dunbar, nor to have anything more to do with you!"

"What have I done to offend you?" Bessie asked, the hot tears gleaming in her eyes.

"You know well enough! It's not necessary to pretend innocence." And the angry girl wheeled away before Bessie could catch her breath to reply.

"If she's so spiteful as that, and won't tell

me what it's all about, I don't care!" murmured Bessie, brushing the angry tears from her eyes.

An estrangement began between the two girls that lasted for several weeks, making both of them decidedly uncomfortable, and putting constraint on many of their mutual friends. Indeed, the harmony in the entire girls' circle was sadly disturbed, some siding with Bessie, others with Lulu, while those who tried to remain neutral were looked upon as enemies by both of the principals in the quarrel. The girls were very unhappy, but Lulu would not relent.

"I'll show her she can't make a bridge over my nose and yet be a friend!" she muttered again and again. "If she thinks I have no feelings of self-respect, she's very much mistaken."

Yet she kept the cause of her resentment locked up in her own heart; and, therefore, no chance was afforded to explain.

One evening after school Lulu took a hoe and went out into her front yard to do some work about a favorite flower-bed. She loosened up the soil and hoed out a few intrusive weeds. Then she rearranged the low stone wall that encircled the bed. As she was lifting a good-sized stone, she espied an envelope fastened in the crevice underneath. She drew it from its hiding-place, and saw that it was crumbled, slightly torn, and bore the marks of teeth upon it; and, behold! it was sealed and addressed to herself. It required but a moment to tear off the end and draw out the enclosure.

What do you suppose the envelope contained? It was Bessie's invitation to Lulu to attend her birthday party! Added to the more formal part of the note was a postscript, expressing a cordial desire that Lulu should be sure to attend, as the party would be incomplete without her. By this time Lulu's cheeks were aflame. She sank upon the grass, and hid her face in her apron, and sobbed with shame and sorrow.

"It was one of Fido's tricks, the mischievous pup!" she murmured. "I suppose no one was at home when the note was brought, and so Fido mistook it for a plaything. But what shall I do now?"

Lulu fought a hard battle with her pride; but at length, after supper, she hurried over to the home of the Dunbars. Explanations were soon made. Finding no one at home, Ralph had thrust the invitation under the door, where the playful pup had found it, and thus made all the trouble.

"I thought you had slighted me on purpose when I didn't get an invitation to your birthday party," Lulu explained between her sobs. "Will you ever forgive me for being so spiteful?"

"It's all forgiven," said Bessie, generously, putting her arms around her friend's neck and kissing her lovingly. "I was quite spiteful, too, and need to be forgiven. But, say, Lulu, let's make a bargain."

"What is it?"

"Never to let a misunderstanding come between us again."

"O Bessie dear, I'm only too willing to agree to that."

And they sealed the compact with a kiss.

BELIEVE that the highest you ever have been you may be all the time, and vastly higher still, if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all time.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER,

LET the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinded soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.
Are we wiser, better grown,
That we may not, in our day,
Make his prayer our own?

WHITTIER.

THE KAISER'S HINT

THE Emperor of Germany will not tolerate tardiness. One of his officers learned this in a little experience which the *Congregationalist* relates.

Soon after he became Emperor William II. he suddenly decided to visit a cadet school not far from Berlin. The time for the classes to be called was eight o'clock; and one minute before the clock struck the boys were in their seats, but no teacher had appeared. Exactly on the hour the emperor rose and began the recitation himself.

When the embarrassed officer appeared, the kaiser quietly stepped aside and drove home. As the officer already imagined his dismissal papers unfolded before his eyes, he was not surprised when a royal lackey entered the room and presented him a package "from his Majesty the Kaiser." With a heavy heart the man took off the wrappings and found—a little alarm clock.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

DANIEL WEBSTER was blessed with a mother and father who determined to educate their children. So early was he taught to read, either by his mother or by his elder sisters, that he says in his autobiography that he cannot remember the time when he could not read the Bible.

In the public schools which he attended nothing was taught but reading and writing at that period. Young Webster usually read better than his teacher, and he admits that the best writing-master could not make him a good writer. The two things which he dearly loved were reading and playing.

He read the *Spectator*; he was fond of poetry, and committed the greater part of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns to memory. No other sacred poetry afterward appeared to him so affecting and devout. According to Mr. Congdon's reminiscences of the future states-

man's school-days, Webster could repeat Pope's "Essay on Man" from beginning to end.

In his autobiography Webster also says: "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought that they were all to be got by heart. I have thought of this frequently since, when that sagacious admonition of one of the ancients (was it Pliny?) has been quoted, 'Legere multum non multa'" (Read much, not many books).

To which Mr. Congdon in his interesting article adds: "I have seen this legend upon a dozen old book-plates. I hope those who placed it there profited by its suggestion. But my motto would be 'multum et multa' (much and many); and, fortunately, the books worth reading over and over again are not few."



WILL HE GO?—THE UNCAGED HOUR.

HOW TO MAKE HASTE.

DO you know how to hurry? This is a hurrying age, and you ought to know how to keep up with it, if you think it worth while. Here are a few suggestions for busy men that may help you:

1. Do nothing that you don't have to do. Cut out the non-essentials.
2. Don't hesitate. Begin at once. When you are through, stop, and begin on the next thing.
3. Don't be too particular what part of the job you begin with. Other things being equal, do what is under your hand first, and the next nearest thing next.
4. Don't pause between jobs.
5. Do your thinking while you are acting, and think about the work in hand.

A SECRET.

WHAT makes the springtime of the year?
 Why, sunlight!
 Just sunlight!
 It makes the tender bud appear,
 It crowns the autumn with good cheer,—
 Just sunlight!

What gladdens all this world of ours?
 Why, sunlight!
 Just sunlight!
 It paints the beauty of the flowers,
 It sets the rainbow in the showers,—
 Just sunlight!

What if thy lot right hard hath been?
 Try sunlight!
 More sunlight!
 Throw open wide thy heart of sin,
 And let the glorious sunshine in.
 Try sunlight!

There's more of power than you would dream
 In sunlight!
 God's sunlight!
 Would you this great, sad earth redeem,
 Send to its darkest haunt a beam
 Of sunlight!

A. K. BOND.

For Every Other Sunday.

JOB.

BY J. F. MEYER.

JOB was a man who lived in a land called Uz, a long time ago. He was a very good man and a very rich man. He did not count his riches in money, however, or in gold and silver, but in camels, sheep, and oxen; for he lived near the desert, and was somewhat like a rich Arab chieftain of our days. He had seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, which makes a thousand oxen in all, and five hundred she-asses. Add these all together, and you will see that he had altogether eleven thousand five hundred of these large animals. He probably also had enough horses and goats to make another man proud, but he did not count them along with his thousands of sheep and camels.

Job also had seven sons and three daughters. Now there was a day when God sat upon his throne above the sky, and all the mighty spirits who served and obeyed him, who were called the sons of God, came to present themselves before him.

The ancient Hebrews thought that God lived in the heavens above the sky, and that his throne was there.

Among the mighty spirits who presented themselves before God that day was one called Satan. It was Satan's duty to walk to and fro and up and down in the world, and to keep his eyes open for all the bad things he could see, and report them to God. He reported all the sins of men, all their wicked deeds and words and thoughts to God, especially all the little faults of good men. He was the *advocatus diaboli*, or the prosecuting attorney, in the court of heaven, if you know what that means. Perhaps I would better say he was like the monitor in a school-room, only the whole world was his school, and God was the teacher to whom he reported. He was like a policeman who has the whole world for his beat. He was the greatest tale-bearer in the world. He had a very mean spirit. He seemed to take great pleasure in his work, and was always trying to find out the little faults of good men.

When God saw Satan in heaven, he asked him what he thought of Job.



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS—DORÉ.

Now Satan did not know anything bad to say about Job, but he hated to say anything good. So he hinted that Job lived a good life, and served God because God blessed him and made him so rich.

"Take away what you have given him, and then see what Job will do," he said.

God did not believe that Job was good from such a selfish motive, so he gave Satan the power to take away all that Job had.

One day Job sat before the entrance of his tent, waiting for his servants to return and report upon the day's work. His favorite white dromedary, a very beautiful beast, stood beside him, and ate out of his hand. Job saw a man in the distance running toward his tent. As the man came nearer, Job saw that he looked very much frightened. As soon as the man could gain his breath, he said, "While the oxen were ploughing and the asses were feeding in the field, the Sabæans came and drove them all away, and killed all the men who were taking care of them; and I am the only one who escaped."

While he was yet speaking, another messenger came, and said, "Lightning and fire came down from heaven and burnt all your sheep, together with the shepherds; and I am the only one who escaped."

And, while he was yet speaking, there came another, and said, "O master Job, three bands of those robber Chaldeans have driven away all your camels and killed all the servants who had charge of them; and I only am escaped to tell thee this."

And, while he was yet speaking, there came a fourth messenger, and said, with tears streaming down his face: "O dear master Job! Thy seven sons and three daughters were feasting in their eldest brother's house, and a great whirlwind came and blew down the house, and they have all been killed. I am the only one who escaped."

Then the four messengers wept together very bitterly; for Job had lost not only all his flocks and herds, but also all his children.

Job did not weep, for his sorrow was too great for tears. He seized his mantle and tore a great rent in it, for that was one way of expressing sorrow in his country.

Now Satan was the cause of all these misfortunes of Job. He had done all this. This was the use which he made of the power which God had given him when he was in heaven. Job, of course, did not know this.

Now Satan could make himself invisible whenever he wished, and could stand among men without being seen. He was standing among the four messengers now, waiting to hear what Job would say, and hoping that he would do or say something wicked, or that he would renounce God. But Job arose, and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" And Satan slunk away defeated.

Again there was a day when the mighty spirits of God came to present themselves before him in heaven. Again God inquired of Satan about Job. This time Satan said, "A man will give all that he has for his life and

health; but let me touch Job's body, and then see what he will do."

God gave Satan permission to do as he wished. So Satan hastened back to earth, and touched Job with invisible fingers; and wherever he touched him there came great sores and boils. Job was smitten with the disease called elephantiasis, which is a loathsome form of leprosy. His skin became hard and rough and black, like the skin of an elephant; and he could no longer live with other men, but had to spend all his time, to live, eat, and sleep on the ash-pile outside the village gates.

Now Job had three friends whose names were Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. When they heard of Job's misfortunes, they made an appointment together to come and mourn with him and to comfort him. As soon as they saw him, while they were yet far off, they began to weep; for it was a very sad sight. Each of them also rent his mantle and strewed ashes upon his head. Then they all sat down with him upon the ground, and no one spoke a word for seven days and seven nights; for their grief was very great.

At the end of the seven days, Job broke the silence. A great cry of despair burst from the bottom of his heart. He wished that he had never been born or that he had died when he was a little baby.

At first the three friends tried to comfort him. But very soon they began to say that Job was a great sinner; that he must have done something very wicked, or he would not have suffered such great misfortunes. They said this because they believed that God always rewards the good man with good health, long life, and prosperity, and always punishes the wicked man by disease or misfortune. Therefore, they thought that suffering and disease were always the proof that a man had been wicked.

Think how it must have hurt Job to be taken for a very, very wicked man by his three friends, simply because he had suffered so much, though he had always tried to live a good life.

Job now had a long conversation with his friends in which he tried to prove that he was innocent, while they tried to prove that he must be very wicked.

First Eliphaz spoke, and Job answered him; then Bildad spoke, and Job answered him; and then Zophar spoke, and Job answered him. They did this several times, and were so interested in what they were saying that they did not see anything that was going on round about them. Suddenly it became very dark, and then there was a flash of light like lightning; and, on looking up, they saw a great storm-cloud right over their head, and a voice spoke from the cloud, and said, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" It was the voice of God, for God was in the cloud.

God reproved the three friends very severely for speaking to Job as they did. Job himself was healed of his disease; and after that he had twice as many sheep, camels, oxen, and asses as he had had before. He also had seven sons and three daughters, and the names of his three daughters were Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch.

Now this is a story which the ancient Hebrews told to answer two questions.

The first question was, "Does goodness spring from selfishness?" And the answer was: "No. Men may lead good lives and serve God

from pure love of goodness and pure love of God, without looking for any reward."

The second question was, "Why do the righteous suffer?" And the answer was: "Suffering is not always the result of sin, but is sometimes a trial of our faith or a discipline. It is sent to make us better, and to develop our character. The world is a school, and these are the hard lessons which the Great Teacher sends."

After the exile a great Hebrew poet took this old story and made a great poem out of it, which is almost like a drama. This drama is in the Bible, and is called the "Book of Job."

A PRAYER.

God give us faith,—faith in our fellow-men,

Faith in humanity, in self and Thee;

Faith in man's hidden aims and nobler self,

Faith in those motives which we may not see;

Faith in man's purity and high desire,

Faith in his truth, unselfishness, and zeal;

Faith to believe that justice is not dead,

That men still live, who seek the common weal.

Faith to believe that goodness still survives,

That kindness and love still walk the earth,

That greed and lust and avarice and pride

Are not the altar-fires upon each hearth.

God grant us faith in our own power for good,—

Faith to believe that, since Thou call'st us Thine,

We can o'ercome all evil if we will,

And prove anew our heritage divine.

And give us faith in Thee that cannot fail

When we see goodness crushed and evil reign,

When want and suffering desolate the land,

When justice sleeps, and Christ anew is slain.

Give us the faith to see the good in men,—

A faith in self despite each human fall,—

A faith unclouded, Lord, our God, in Thee,

Since that is all, and even all in all.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO OUR LITTLE BLACK KITTEN.

BY IRENE F. LORING.

I AM sure you will all like to hear how our little black kitten suddenly disappeared, and what a long time it took to guess where he was. I will tell you how it happened.

One afternoon Grandma Bates sat in her rocking-chair by the window, busily mending stockings. Blackie, the kitten, was busy, too; for he was scampering around the room, getting into all sorts of mischief.

He played with grandma's apron-strings that hung through the back of her chair, then he would jump for the yarn she broke off to fill her needle. Grandma's yarn-bag was beside her on the floor, and Blackie soon discovered what fun he could have playing with that. He sent the balls of yarn spinning in all directions, and grandma in a very short time found that the yarns she needed were so far away she could not reach them. So she said, "Now, Blackie, this will never, never do!"

Then she gathered the balls of yarn into the bag, and drew up the strings to keep the things out of kitty's reach. Blackie did not look as if he liked such fine fun ended in this hasty manner, but, as far as he could see, there was no help for it; for grandma continued

her work, and soon the room became so quiet she forgot all about the gay little mischief-maker.

By and by the last sock was mended, nicely folded, and put away. The yarn-bag was hung in its accustomed place in the closet, and grandma sat down a few minutes to rest.

After a little while something popped into her head. She looked over her spectacles and through her spectacles all around the room, and exclaimed: "Where can that kitten be! I haven't heard a sound from him for fifteen minutes at least!"

She began a search at once. She looked for him under the stove and in her work-basket on the table and in the waste-basket on the floor by the desk. Then she looked under the desk and on top of it, under the couch and on it, and shook all the pillows. She searched under the table, and even among the flower-pots on the broad window-sill.

Finally, she gave up the hunt, and began to get tea. All the time she was wondering where Blackie could have disappeared to. But there did not seem to be a nook or corner in the room that she had not peered into where she might expect to find him.

All at once she happened to think of the yarn-bag. "Of course he cannot be there," she said; "but I do believe I will look!"

So she went to the closet, took down the yarn-bag, and opened it.

I know you would have been as surprised as Grandma Bates was if you had been there with her and peeped into that yarn-bag, too!

For there was Blackie all snug and warm and fast asleep!

"Sakes alive!" said grandma, laughing: "you have given me a nice hunt, haven't you, Blackie? Yes, you have!"

By this time Blackie poked up his head, and he looked as if he was thinking: "This is a fine place for a nap. Don't you think so, too?"

And I am not sure to this day but he is sorry that Grandma Bates guessed where he cuddled down to take his nap.

*When the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue,
it awakened music in the breast of stone. Religion does the same with nature.*

THEODORE PARKER.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LITTLE HELPER.

BY FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.

"I WANT to learn to sew," said Maude, "and to sweep and to cook and to wash dishes."

"You may begin to learn to sew," said mother, "by threading twelve needles with white cotton, and making a neat little knot at the end of each thread."

"There," said Maude, "I guess I've learned about enough for one day, and I'll go out to play."

"Oh, but sweeping comes first," said mother. "You may take the dustpan and brush, and see how much dirt you can get from the piazza steps."

"That is more fun than sewing," said Maude, coming back with a dustpan full. "When can I learn to cook?"

"To-morrow morning," said mother. And, when the next day came, Maude was pinned into a big apron, given a big spoon, and set before a big yellow bowl. "Now," said mother, "as I put things in, you are to stir, round and

round, always the same way, so that, when you are through, I shall not be able to see any eggs or milk or sugar or butter or flour, but just one golden mass."

"It makes your arm ache, but I like it," said Maude, when mother took the bowl to give a few last beats. "Now can I learn to do dishes?"

"You may begin by washing and drying the silver, because that won't break," said mother. "And, when you have washed the silver three times without dropping a single spoon or fork, why, I shall trust you with china."

It was two whole weeks before Maude could wash the china, but by that time she had become very careful indeed.

"I just love to help," she said to mother one night. "And I do truly, don't I?"

"Yes, you do," said mother, hugging her. "And, with the baby and little Tom to take care of, I need a helper badly."

For Every Other Sunday.

A MEXICAN BIT.

BY FANNIE WELLINGTON.

A VERITABLE adobe village is Juarez, state of Chihuahua, on the Rio Grande, Juarez so named for the much venerated president general.

Just across the river is El Paso, the American city in the remote corner of Texas, or, as its name implies, the pass.

A long, narrow road designated Main Street, in Juarez, heretofore had a street car. For power a gaunt mule did duty as dynamo.

A true son of the soil acted as driver, who seemingly felt all the dignity and responsibility of a real electric motorman.

He drove with dignity, standing as he did so. In one hand he held a whip with a long lash, while in both he held the lines; and woe to passengers who forgot to be on the *qui vive*!

When the dynamo needed extra infusion, around swung the long lash in style of the true genius, and you were apt to get as much as the mule, while Sir Mula jogged serenely on and back across the bridge that divides two republics. However, at the present time, a new institution has taken the place of the old, and Juarez is dignified by the whirr and spin of a real electric-car system.

The streets are narrow alleyways, seeming to hollow to the centre. Now and then a rude sidewalk is in evidence.

Ditches, or *assaquies*, line each side for the general water supply.

The houses are mud, or adobe (sun-dried bricks). To make these, three or four peons, as the laborers are called, dig a quantity of dirt, in which they mix straw and water, using hoes, hands, and feet in the mixing.

Dressed in the lightest apparel civilization will allow, they walk up to the knee in this thick, black, sticky mixture, then fill square moulds made of wood, without top or bottom, generally three fastened together, with this delectable mush, first sanding them well that they slip out easily; and as quickly as they are packed they are emptied upon the ground in a place prepared for them to dry.

As a rule, Señor con Mexico works with exact deliberation; for him there is always *manana* (to-morrow).

But in this work they jump about like so many nimble brown crickets. It's a business, in fact, and they do it well.

Every few days these mud bricks are turned until perfectly dried: then they are placed on end, ready to be used in building their dwell-

ings. Other material as well is extensively used by them for home-building,—willow-wiches, rushes, and in fact almost any serviceable matter obtainable.

I have seen whole sides of such houses covered with flattened-out fruit cans.

They are simple, genial people, asking little, expecting nothing.

These adobe houses are warm in winter, cool in summer. Each morning La Señoretta sprinkles the earthen floor and sweeps until it is as hard as stone.

One big room and a side thatch is often sufficient for a whole family.

The roof is composed of a few boards, upon which are packed gravel and dirt. The heavy rains sometimes destroy many of these primitive homes; but, with characteristic patience, their owners rebuild and are happy.

For Every Other Sunday.

DOROTHY'S PLEASANT DAY.

BY ANNIE LEWIS PINFOLD.

DEAR little Dorothy, our minister's daughter, aged three, had been left at home alone with her father for three days, while her mother went to the far-off city where the Women's Missionary Society was to hold a conference.

The three days seemed very long indeed to the little maiden, though her feet pattered busily to and fro "helping papa" in the house and barn; and she tried hard to be the "little housekeeper" she had promised to be.

One day passed, then another; and, as the last evening drew near, Dorothy was almost too excited to sleep at all.

When her father lifted her into her pretty white cot and kissed her "good-night," she asked once more,

"Mamma will come to-morrow?"

"Yes, Dorothy," he replied, then added, half to himself, "It looks cloudy, but I hope it will be a pleasant day."

"Why, papa," was the reproachful answer, as Dorothy raised herself on her elbow to look at him. "Of course it will be a pleasant day if mamma comes."

"So it will, my daughter," was the amused reply.

Dear little soul! Enough for her if "mamma came." The prospect of clasping her arms around her mother's neck and giving her a real "bear's hug" was enough to make rose-colored linings to all the threatening storm-clouds that might arise before the morrow. We are, many of us, apt to overlook the pleasures that may be ours in the days to come by watching and fretting over the far-distant clouds that perhaps, after all, will never come our way. "Pleasant days" are not so rare as we think after all.

For Every Other Sunday.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND PASTIMES.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

KNEELING down to dance would seem equivalent to keeping away from water when going swimming. Yet much of the South Sea Islanders' dancing is performed in this position. The paradox is explained when we learn that the dances of these people consist largely of movements of the arms, head, and body instead of the feet. Various employments are imitated in these dances, as fighting, fishing, etc.

A favorite sport of these primitive people is canoe-racing. Their narrow hollow-log canoes, scarcely wide enough to allow a person to sit down in, are propelled by paddles or by means of sails, and are balanced by outriggers of poles. In time of strong wind one or more persons sit on the outrigger to prevent the canoe from being capsized on account of its disproportionately large spread of sail. Hence the islanders indicate the force of the wind by describing it as a one-man wind or a two-man wind, or a three-man wind, according to the number of men required on an outrigger.

Since horses have been imported to these remote regions, the natives have added horse-racing to their list of diversions. On one of the Society Islands, when the people wished to inaugurate this form of amusement, the governor graciously consented to help them, though they had recently refused to co-operate with him in building a road. They enthusiastically followed his instructions regarding the preparation of a race-track, but were unaware that in so doing they were building the road which the governor desired.

Singing is a common pastime of the South Sea Islanders. Some of them have truly musical voices, though more have harsh ones. The singing of the aborigines was mere monotonous droning; but the present generation adapt native words to English hymn-tunes, American rag-times, and diverse styles of music. The deepest male voices execute an imitation of a drum, accompanied by ludicrous contortions of the body. These islanders have various musical instruments, ranging from the primitive sea-shell trumpets and wooden gongs to imported pianos. Brass bands have been organized on some of the islands. The most common and perhaps the most admired musical instruments here are mouth organs and accordions.

A few years ago the British official resident on one of the Cook Islands instituted an industrial fair for the benefit of the natives. They were well pleased at the prospect of any novelty, and readily agreed to bring specimens of their handiwork—bark cloth, palm-leaf blankets or mats, etc.—and the choicest products of their lands, and then pay the small price of admittance; but those to whom prizes were awarded could not comprehend why their goods were returned to them, after they had, as they thought, received pay for them.

Of all the pastimes of the South Sea Islanders feasts are the staple. The occasions for such are varied,—births, deaths, weddings, visits of notables, and many other events. Usually the food is deposited on leaves on the ground or, if fluid, in a wooden trough. The guests sit Turkish fashion, and dip soup with their fingers. Generally, the host does not partake of the food prepared for his friends, and any that remains is portioned among them to be taken to their homes. All these primitive usages have been modified.

The games of the children are principally in imitation of the work of the seniors,—sailing toy boats, spearing fish in shallow water, building miniature houses of cocoanut leaves, and roasting food on hot stones. Swinging is an old-time recreation with these children, the swing consisting of a single strip of tough bark or vine, to which the child clings, suspended by his arms. Some of the games of civilized children have become known to these semi-civilized children; and I often see half-clad little creatures jumping rope, the "rope" being a limber root or vine or strip of bark.

*Labor is one of the great elements of society,—
the great substantial interest on which we all
stand.*
DANIEL WEBSTER.

GOD IN LOVE IS OVER ALL.

(From the German.)

God in love is over all:
In the sunshine on snow mountains,
In the flashing streams and fountains,
In the light that swathes earth's ball,
God in love is over all.

God in love is over all:
In the rays of morning glancing,
In the spring-tints so entrancing,
In the thrush's tender call,
God in love is over all.

God in love is over all:
In the spheres in their high motion,
In earth's voices, air and ocean,
In echoing thunder's hall,
God in love is over all.

God in love is over all:
In the gentle zephyr blowing,
In the path the eagle's going,
Watching e'en the sparrow's fall;
God in love is over all.

J. E. RANKIN, LL.D.

Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.
PLATO.

A TRUE home is far more than a house.
A house is built of bricks and stones, of sills
and post and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand
a thousand years.
A house, though but a humble cot, within its
walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's
eternal gold.

NIXON WATERMAN.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

JOHN, Mary, James, and Susan, all about the
same age, twelve to fifteen years old, were on
their way to Sunday School, when the Editor
overheard this conversation.

It seems that they were discussing why they
went to Sunday School at all. Some of their
mates did not care to go, so it came home to
them what reasons they had for going faith-
fully every Sunday.

John spoke up and said he went because he
liked his teacher. Miss Brown was so good
and true that he couldn't stay away. It might
hurt her feelings, and John said he would not
have that occur for anything: she was too good.

Mary said she went to Sunday School be-
cause she could study the Bible. She thought
every one ought to know something about the
Bible, and nothing was taught about it in the
day school. Besides, she loved to hear about
the old prophets, but specially about Jesus.

James went because he found it pleasant to
be with his class. Then he liked the singing,
and during the week he often thought back to
his Sunday-School hour. The Sunday School
seemed to him a place of friends, and many
good times they had together. He liked the
minister, and the minister had asked them all
to go, and that was another reason for attend-
ing.

Susan finished the conversation by giving as
her reason for going to Sunday School that
she thought it was a duty. Her conscience

told her that she ought to go to learn things
which would help her and make her better.
Her father and mother went to church for the
same reason, and she thought the Sunday
School was the same thing for children. She
felt better for going, and besides she remem-
bered a good many things that were taught
her.

Here were four different reasons for going to
Sunday School, and which do you think is the
best of all? The Editor would like to hear
from some of his young readers in answer to
the question, Why do you go to Sunday
School?

SEED THOUGHTS.

Do well the little things now: so shall great
things come to thee by and by, asking to be
done.—*Persian Proverb.*

EMPTY barns in October are the logical se-
quence of empty furrows in spring. The young
man may as well understand that there are no
gratuities in this life.—*Rev. Charles H. Park-
hurst.*

PERSEVERANCE is more prevailing than vio-
lence; and many things, which cannot be over-
come when they are together, yield themselves
up when taken little by little.—*Plutarch.*

It is not necessary that we should all agree
in our opinions, so long as we agree in our
principles. The spokes of a wheel diverge
from one another, but they all reunite in the
rim.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE once said to a
friend, "Never bear more than one kind of
trouble at a time," and added, "Some people
bear three kinds,—all they have had, all they
have now, and all they expect to have."

OH, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be
stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to
your powers. Pray for powers equal to your
tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be
no miracle. But you shall be a miracle.
Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the
richness of life which has come in you by the
grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

WE know how easy it is to get into the way
of using strong words in our statements. It is
convenient. It is pleasant. It saves much
trouble. We can be at ease while we talk
strongly, and yet seem to be doing something
strong. And it is so easy to lose the limits and
distinction between what is true and what
might have been true. I don't know a man
more to be honored than he who prefers being
awkward, and seeming to be clumsy and blun-
dering, to saying more than he knows or
means. The habit of accuracy will doubtless
often impair the effect of a sentence or spoil a
good story. But, even at that risk, we shall
be well paid at last.—*R. W. Church.*

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I AM composed of 21 letters.
My 5, 21, 11, 7, 4, is a color.
My 1, 2, 15, 9, is a boy's name.
My 3, 2, 6, 4, is a part of a cow.
My 10, 8, 12, 13, is a part of a tree.
My 3, 16, 18, is what you do when you take a good
aim.
My 14, 21, 19, 17, 20, is what you do when you write
a letter.
My whole is a poet.

LORA STANDISH.

ENIGMA XXV.

I AM composed of 55 letters.
My 13, 1, 40, 17, 25, is a small vessel.
My 52, 4, 46, 29, is a plant.
My 30, 8, 54, 32, 49, is a huge person.
My 7, 5, 42, 31, 35, is a synonym of steam.
My 20, 36, is a preposition.
My 2, 11, 12, 45, 53, is a defile.
My 6, 23, 39, 55, is a passage of Scripture.
My 9, 28, 43, 47, is to quote.
My 10, 27, 48, 26, is a conjunction.
My 21, 18, 16, 51, 3, is to hinder.
My 24, 37, 34, 50, is a fish.
My 15, 41, 38, is another name for a diocese.
My 19, 14, 22, 33, is one of the bounding lines of a
surface.
My 44 is an article.
My whole is the remark of Wellington to Blucher
after the battle of Waterloo.

H. A. JENKS.

TWISTED EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

STIAURA.	Densew.
Lytal.	Tpgulroa.
Ekurty.	Lasew.
Usasri.	Woayrn.
Veaisr.	Nfear.
Cregee.	Nalifdn.
Nipas.	Kamendr.

PAUL ESTEY.

BIBLICAL PUZZLE.

A KING OF JUDAH—WHO WAS HE?

One of Judah's kings was he,
One of the most perfect three.

Wrought he many deeds of good,
Wisely walked, as all kings should,—
Purged the temple, made it fair,
Sacrificed and worshipped there.
At his bidding came to feast
Scattered Israel, great and least;
For the space of fourteen days
There were feasting, prayer, and praise;
Altars and idols were destroyed,
And the people sang and joyed.
Such grand things had not been done
Since the reign of Solomon.

Which of Judah's kings was he
Who achieved this jubilee?

CHARADE.

My first is a flower fair to behold;
My second the name of a woman in history;
My whole, when the story of Hamlet is told,
Will help us remember and ponder the mystery!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XIX.

ENIGMA XX.—John Greenleaf Whittier.
ENIGMA XXI.—Little Lord Fauntleroy.
MORE CURIOUS CATS.—12. Catalpa. 13. Cataract.
14. Catawba. 15. Cataclysm. 16. Catacomb. 17.
Catalepsy. 18. Catseye. 19. Catarrh. 20. Catnip.
21. Category. 22. Catamaran.
BIBLICAL PUZZLE.—Joseph. (Gen. xxxvii. 28; xlii.
5, 6; xlv.)
CONUNDRUM XXII.—When he folds it.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER
SUNDAY is forty cents a year; but subscribers residing
in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents
additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools
who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in
the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two num-
bers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in
July and August.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON.